A Comme:

moration or Dirige of Ba.

ſtarde Edmonde Boner,

alias Hanage, vſurped

Biſſhoppe of

London.

Compiled by *Le-*

meke Auale.

Epiſcopatum eius

accipiet alter.

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¶ The Preface.

MAtters beyng yet in doubt, maie with queſtions and reaſons, bee brought out of doubt: but thinges beyng without doubt, ought not with the ſubtelties of wordes, bee broughte into doubte. As without all doubte Edmonde Boner, late vſurped biſhop of London, was a baſtarde, and alſo the ſoonne of a Baſtarde: that is a Baſtarde in groſſe, and a Baſtarde can not, neither maie not bee a biſchop. Boner was a Baſtarde, *ergo* no biſhop, and this is a true concluſion. This is not true ſaid an old *Dunſticall* felowe, ſittyng at the table with a graue learned Lawier of the common Lawe, and an eloquente Ciuilian, that were all three together: the one frouned, the ſeconde did bite his lippe, the third in a greate rage ſaied: men maie ſaie what thei will now a daies, & belye the truthe as you haue doen, he was a bleſſed confeſſor, although a baſtard, and a true biſhop, bothe by Gods Lawes, the Canonicall lawes, & the lawes of this realme of Englande. To this thei ſaied all *Amen*, Proue you the cõtrary ſaied thei, and we wil yelde vnto you: will you q he, then will I proue hym no biſhop, when he liued, whiche you graunt to bee baſtarde by theſe three La-

wes. Wake proffe saied these three, I will by Gods grace quod he, proue that neither Tunstall, nor Boner, were any bishoppes of London, but vsurped, bicause thei twoo were bastardes: and all bastardes bee vnder thesame predicament. For the booke of Wisedome in the.iiij. Chapit. makyng a difference betwene twoo generations of the lawfull, and vnlawfull. Of the lawfull it is saied: *O quam pulcra, & casta generatio. &c.* O how faire is a chaste generation with vertue: the memoriall therof is immortall, for it is knowen with God, and with men: when it is presente, men take example thereat, and if it goe awaie, yet thei desire it: it is alwaies crouned, and holden in honor, and winneth the rewarde of the vndefiled battaill. But the other generation, that is vnknowen emong men, that are called the children of the people: thus muche is spoken of in thesame booke. *Multigenæ autem impiorũ multitudo non erit vtilis, & spuria vitulamina non dabunt radices altas, nec stabile fundamentum constituit.* That is. The multitude of the vngodly children, are vnprofitable children, and the thynges that are planted with whoredome, shall take no depe rote, nor laie any fast foundation, though grene for a tyme in the braunches, yet thei shalbe shaken with the winde,

for

for thei ſtande not faſt, and through the vehemencie of the windes, that is Gods vengance thei ſhalbe rooted out, for the vnperfite braũches ſhalbe broken, the fruicte ſhalbe vnprofitable and ſower, mete for nothyng. For why beyng demaunded of their parentes, that is, who were their fathers, or mothers, doe witneſſe againſt them, and declare their abhomination, and doe diſcloſe their ſynnes, as did that wicked Cham, the ſonne of Noe, whiche vncouered his fathers ſecretes, for whiche cauſe, Noe aſked vengeaunce vpon the offenders ſonne, that therby the offender might be more greued, then with his owne miſhappe. Therfore the lawe that puniſheth thoffẽders iſſue, doeth more prohibite ſynne, then that whiche plageth the offender alone: by this it maie be cõſidered, with what zeale the law of Englande abhorreth vnlawfull coniunctions, depriuyng them not onely of lawfull parentes, but alſo of Eccleſiaſticall dignitie, and tẽporall inheritaunce. The Ciuill Lawe, ſpeakyng of the birth of childzen, ſaieth: *Quod non poteſt arbor mala fructus bonos facere. &c.* An euil tree, ſaie thei, can not bring forth good fruite: nor a good tree beare euill fruites, and by the conſente of the lawes it is agreed, that euery plante yelded to the nature of the grounde,

wherein it is planted. The childe also hath muche more certaine, and sure knowledge of the mother, then of the father. Therfore saith the Ciuill Lawe, your naturall or bastarde soonne, is the soonne of the people: and when suche a bastarde is, hauing no certain, or knowen assured father at the birthe, as it is daily seen, and so iudged by lawe. Now in can he come by a father after: as example. If one woman should beare twoo children, of twoo fornicatours, and one of these fornicatours, after doe marie with this woman, whiche of these children should this mariage make legitimate?

Leges Ciuiles dicũt filium naturalẽ tuũ esse filium populi.

Tunstall was a Bastarde.

This would partly help Tunstall by the Ciuil lawe, bicause his father reconsiled his mother into mariage, but lõg after his birth: this is not Boners case (whose father was neuer maried to his mother) fãtasy would somwhat perswade: but reason can not finde, seyng the tyme was ones, when bothe these children were bastardes, and the sonnes of the people, and did not knowe their fathers: it wer therfore against all reason, that a child afterward borne in thesame Matrimonie, being lawfully borne, should lose the inheritaũce, and place the bastardie in the same, as lawfull heire. The lawes of Englande agreeth with the scriptures. Ismael did not inherit with Isaac:

Genes. 16. Galla. 4.

So

So no baſtardes doe inherite lawfully, by the lawes of Englande, neither is equall to the lawfull begotten in the inheritaunce, whiche by the Ciuill lawes can be deuided, but onely emong the male children. Saincte Auguſtine in *lib. xvi. de Ciuitate dei*, ſaieth, Abraham gaue all his ſubſtaunce vnto Iſaac his ſoonne, but vnto the ſoonnes of the Concubines, he gaue giftes, and ſente them awaie from Iſaac his ſoonne. Wherevpon he ment that to baſtardes, there is no inheritaunce due, but onely neceſſary liuyng, and vnder the name of a baſtarde. Saincte Auguſtine vnderſtande all vnlawfull iſſues, and ſo doeth holie ſcripture alſo, and thinketh no ſmall difference betwene the ſucceſſion of the lawfull begotten, and the baſtarde in tẽporall thynges, or worldly inheritance, muche leſſe in the churche of Chriſt, in that, that it admitteth them not into holie Orders: and that is proued in the Popes Lawes, againſte the baſtardly Papiſtes: and if the Pope diſpẽce with ſuche a one, yet he permitted not hym to haue a dignitie, or preheminence in the Churche, as to bee a biſhoppe. Therefore it is conuenient, that mannes lawes ſhould cutte them ſhorte, in the benefite of worldly ſucceſſion. When the Churche doe iudge thẽ vnworthy of orders, of miniſterie,

Et eccleſia que eos a ſacris repellit ordinibus. &c. Et ſi tale diſpenſauerit non eũ tum permittit dignitate habere in eccleſia dei.

of pontificall dignitie: yea, whom the holie scripture do thrust doune, and greatly embace for though some, that is, one, emong a thousande is good, yet most are not onely giuen to wickednesse, and persecution. &c. Example of Ismael, some to murder. Example of Abime-
Iudicū. ix. lech, the bastarde soonne of Gedion, whiche Gedion had lawfull begotten sonnes. lxx. and but one bastarde, whiche bastarde Abimelech with one stone, traiterously killed al his brethren, one excepted. So there is more abominatiō in one bastard, then in. lxix. lawfull sonnes. Many examples I can bryng forthe of histories, repugnant to bastards, of their filthinesse of life, whoredome, idolatrie, extortion, treasō, murder, glottonie. &c. For it is thought
Note this. that thei doe drawe a certain staine from the voluptuous lust, mutuall of bothe their filthie parētes, whiche in lawfull chaste mariage taketh no place: and then knowing them selues to be bastardes, hateth all them that are lawfully borne, inuentyng mischief against them as traitors would haue all men traitors: this base borne Bocher Boner, like Abimeleche, hath slain a great nōber of the legitimate chil dren of God: whose blod asketh the same cre-well vengeaunce, that holie Abels doe still in the presēce of God, against his brother Cain.

So

So you shall not doubte, but by Gods lawes, the lawes of Englande, and also the Canonicall lawes, that bastardes are all depriued of lawfull parentes, therefore of inheritaunce Temporall: also not lawfull to take Orders, therefore no ministers of Spiritnall dignitie, *Ergo.* therfore no bishops. Iudge of this your selues, *Ergo.* and then make answere, when it shall please you. Sir, we will depart, quod thei, referryng this matter till an other tyme. Here is one, quod he, with plaine Musicke Dirge like, in the next chamber, singeth to a dull base Lute I praie you let vs heare him, it will not hurt vs, my thinke he singeth of D. Boner, some merie vanitie, of that vain man, whiche spēt his daies in vain Papistrie: we are cōtent said thei, to heare this matter, and then to depart hence, when he hath doen: we praie God it be mery, for we haue talked of sad matters, peace a little, silence my maisters, quod he, agreed saied thei. Then the fellowe on the other side of the walle, reade in the Bible to hymself alone, and that beyng dooen, he songe in rude rume, against rude Boner, the Papist bastard.

The fellowe doe read.

I will sende a curse vpon you, and I will curse your blessynges, yea curse them will I, if ye doe not take hede: beholde I shall corrupt *Malach. 2.* *Deute. 26.*

Markere-hell, marke Papiste.

your seede, and cast dunge in your faces, euen the donge of your solemne feastes, and it shall cleaue fast vpon you. You are cleane gone out of the waie, and haue caused the multitude to be offended at the lawe of the lorde. You haue broken the couenaunt of Leui, saith the lorde of the hoste, therefore also I will make you to be despised, and to be of no reputation emong the people bicause that you haue not kept my waies. My handes shall come vpon the false Prophetes, that looke out vaine thinges, and preache lyes: thei shall not be in the counsaill of my people, nor written in the boke, bicause thei haue deceiued my people. The beste (that is the martyrs) haue ye slain, the flocke haue you not nourished: but churlishely and cruelly haue you ruled them. Therefore woe and vengeaunce be vnto you, saith the lorde God. All these places of holie writynges crieth out against Boner asmuch as to any false pastor, that euer hath made spoile like a Wolfe in Christes flocke: & the soules of the slain, whō he burned for the woorde of God, and for the testimonie whiche thei had: dee still crie with a loude voice, saiyng: Howe long tariest thou lorde, holie and true, to iudge and auenge our blood on thē, that dwell on the yearth? Well ones it will fall out thus: That the righteous

Ezech. 13. Ierem. 8.

Ezech. 34.

Apoca. 6.

shall

shall stande in greate stedfastnes, again suche as haue dealt extremely with them, and take awaie their labours, when Boner with his wicked companions shall se it (as thei shall in dede) thei shalbee vered with horrible feare, and shall wonder at the hastines of the sodain health, gronyng for verie distresse of mynde, and shall saie within them selues, hauyng inwarde sorowe, and mournyng for verie anguishe of mynde. These are thei, whom wee somtyme had in derision, and iested vpon, we fooles thought their liues verie madnes, and their ende to be without honor. But loe, how thei are compted emong the children of God, and their portion emong the saincts: Therefore we haue erred from the waie of truthe, and the light of righteousnes haue not shined vnto vs. Tedious waies haue wee gone, the waie of the lorde we haue not knowen: what profit haue our pompe brought vs: suche woordes shall suche as haue persecuted their brethren speake in helle. Lette the persecutours marke this well. Well, well. *Sapi. 5.*

¶ Boner speaketh.

My soule haue cleaued fast to the grounde, *Adhesit pauimento anima mea.*
I haue fed like a swine, and liued like a houde
My thought it did me muche good,
In broilyng the christians, and shedyng blood

I haue shewed my waies, I haue shewed my
Vias meas annũciaui. How well I loued the Romishe kaies (waies
The reliques of Rome were my delight,
I was a maiden preist, and our ladies knight.

Viam iusti ficationum
Justification I could not abide,
Specially if it came on Christes side:
I will clime heauen walles with *Scala cœli*,
And followe Alkoc, *quondam* bishop of Elie.

Dormitat aia mea.
My soule now slepe in dreames and greues
My corps is buried emong false theues:
For my bodie and soule, th'apointed place,
Abusyng mercie, and refusyng grace.

Viam iniquitatis.
The waie of wickednes, I loued well,
In millyng of Purgatorie, perhaps to hell:
I beshrowe *Dorbell*, and *Dunses* harte,
Would I had bẽn no bishop, but gon to carte.

Viam veritatis.
The waie of truthe, I did once take,
Whiche of malice, I did forsake:
And neuer since I did repente,
In despisyng the eternall testamente.

Adhesit testimonijs. tuis.
I did sticke ones vnto Goddes lawes,
But to forsake it, I had no cause:
And hardned my harte, & stopped mine eares

And

And could not wepe repentant teares.

The waie of thy cõmaundmẽt I might not (bide
After that I was dronke with ỹ cup of pride,
But wared lothly, foule, and fatte,
Like to cardinall Wolsey, with his red hatte.

Viam mandatorum tuorum.

Boner ende.

Deus stetit in Synagoga deorum.

His lordship would plaie the Justice of *Corum*
In the place of iudgement, it did hym good,
To accuse the martyres, and shed their blood.

O Clemens.

There is no man within the citie,
Professyng Christes Gospell, that he would
Muche mischief this verlet, did begin (pitie
Therefore his praier is tourned to synne.

O Pia.

He had a cancred proude looke,
With bell and candell, and Popishe booke:
In cursyng Gods people with hellishe grace,
Awaie graundpanche, with thy greasie face.

O Crux.

Now a peece of your Dirige I will begin,
I care not whether, I lose or winne:
You were no greate state of honor,
A bastarde, no bishop, but bloudie Boner.

Your-

MOurnyng in blacke, wailyng with care and woo,
Wryngyng of their handes, thei began with *Placebo.*
Dilexi q. master Papist, I loued well Boner,
That was bosshoppe of London, and liued in greate honor.
Quia inclinauit aurem suam, to our good father the Pope,
Iam iacit ille cinis, alas gone is our hope.
Circumdederunt eum dolores mortis, now rotten in graue,
Well, well, said the protenotary, well rid of a.k.
Perhaps *cũ pericula inferni* with *Chymerus* fell,
Or *Cerborus* the triple hedded dogge of hell.
Tribulationem & dolorem inuenit, that bastarde theefe.
That haue spoiled Christes flocke, with spite and greefe.
O domine libera animam meam, from this Basan Bull,
That the innocent lambes did teare and pull.
Custodiens parnulos dominus, the Lorde hath helped Sion:
And taken awaie this mad dogge, this wolfe, and this Lion.
Qui erupit animam de morte, and my hart from sorowe,

now

Now gentle maister Boner, God giue you good morowe.
Lorde surely, thou hast giuē thē eternall rest, *Et lux per*
Whom Boner in prison, moste sore oppreſt. *petua.*
Placebo. Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo. (alas,
Heu me, beware the bugge, out quod Boner
De profundis clamaui, how is this matter come to passe.
Lauaui oculos meos, from a darke depe place.
Now Lazarus helpe Dines, with one droppe of grace.
Ne quando rapiat vt Leo animam meam, dryng-gārde, dryggārde,
To defende this matter, came Jhon Anaile, and Miles Huggarde.
From the gates of hell, quod the rebelles, defende B. Boner,
That with S. Fiſsher and Becket, he maie haue honor.
Amen quod R. C. B. H. and L.
Deliuer hym from this paines of hell.

R. Doe beginne the firſt leſſon.
Parce michi domine.

SPare vs oh ſwete lord, our daies are all gone,
Our holie father deare Boner, hath left vs alone.
Now encloſed in tombe, wrapte in

in yearth and clate,
Ecce nunc in puluere dormit, dw rot & fade awaie
We hoped that he ſhould haue doen, as he did
before,
Come forthe of priſon ones againe, and bur-
ned more and more,
Nolite cõfideri in principi. Who ſhall truſt tempꝛall powers, in whom
is no healthe,
Fare well our ſpirituall father deare, our cõ-
forte and wealthe.
Now helpe, Dominicke, Becket, Dunſton,
and ſainct Line,
Gregorie with thy Trentals, Antonye with
thy ſwine.
This father was heauenly mynded, and ne-
uer carnall,
Therefore defende hym from the flames in-
fernall.

Reſponde.

Prꝛaie for Boner B. and D. ſoules,
You that walke in the Popiſhe ilde of Poles
Ye prꝛaie for them, and thinke no ſkorne,
The like of Boner was neuer borne.

Boxer.

Et in carne mea videbo, the bones that I haue
burned.
And alſo Jeſus Chriſte, againſt whom I haue
ſporned.

I haue not one dogge tricke of *legarde maine*,
Posuisti me tibi contrarium, heu me, greate paine.
I crie to man, childe, and wife,
I abhorred muche the booke of life:
And loued moste the Popes lawes,
And regarded not Christ twoo strawes.
Ve miserum michi therefore,
Saint Peter haue locked the dore,
And bidde me go the wrong waie,
Bicause I had not the right waie.
I will make an other shifte,
Seyng I am driuen to this drifte,
Now helpe holy father the Pope,
With skalyng ladder and rope:
Chaunce what chaunce maie fall,
Now will I scale heauen wall.

¶ *L. Doe rede the seconde lesson.*
Tedet animam meam.

MY his soule was wearie here, in the life that he had,
His foode was breade and water, his lodgyng was to badde.
Clothed in heere, slepyng againste the harde stones,
That through fastyng, his skinne claue to the bones.
Watchyng in praier, lamentyng bothe daie

and night:
Subduyng fleshlie affection, and walked in the spirite,
Meeke in mynde as a Wolfe, and simple as a Fore:
As chaste as the he Goate, as slender as the Dre.
As liberall as the she Beare, as swete as the Brocke,
Of all kinde of linnen clothe, he loued well a smocke.
As wholesome as a madde Dogge, as cleanly as a Boze,
He loued well a fatte Pigge, so he did a h.
Paaloas the Turkie Cocke, as gentle as a Snake.
The like is not in all helle, if you seeke hym with a rake.

Responde.

Speake you of Boner?
God saue his honor,
Some saied thei heard hym saie,
In bedde as he laie,
Noli me condemnare,
Dum veneris iudicare,
Ante te erubesco,
Conissa mea paueſco.

Qui

Qui Lazarum resuscitasti, frō stinking graue
Farewell, farewell, you Popishe k.
Te decet deus hymnus in Syon,
Boner was as cruell as a Lion:
For if he had liued, and the worlde tourned,
Many a good man, he would haue burned.
Per ignem with fire,
That was his desire.

¶ *T. The thirde lesson.*

Manus tuæ dñe fecerunt me.

THe hande of God framed hym ones in goodlie shape,
Then transformed like a Boore, and conditioned like an Ape:
From a Bishoppe to a Butcher, moste bloudie of kinde.
Whiche often in Bastardes, the like you maie finde:
There is a greate decree made by T. the pope
That no Bastarde should weare staffe, miter or Cope:
Neither hath any dignitie, vnder a Cathedrall steple,
Bicause he is fatherlesse, and the sonne of the people:
Abraham left inheritance, to Isaac his sonne by right:

To his baſtardes he gaue giftes, and put thē
from his ſight.
So if baſtardes bee vnworthie of Temporall
inheritaunce,
Muche leſſe in Chriſtes Churche, to haue any
preheminence:
This Boner was a baſtarde, of bloudde and
condition,
And departed frō this life, without contritiō.

Reſponde.

Lorde how he would pullam,
When he was at Fullam,
With fire, rodds, and chaines
He put them to paines,
And that was well ſeen,
By M. and Bartlet green.

Vbi abſcōdat faciam ſuam.

O Lorde I praie thee in what place
Shall bloudie E. Boner, paſt al grace
Hide his greaſie blocke hedde,
Whē he ſhall iudge the quick & dedde.
Quid hoc rei eſt?
Mary he ſhall riſe like a beaſt,
Emong the Romiſhe pied coates,
On the leſte hande emong the goates
He would not praie,
Nor ſaie Mattens that daie,
But ſwell and pante,

K

If victuals were scante.
But redde wine and a Pigge,
Would make him lepe & frig
And saie *diligo vxores vestras,*
Ab ortu solis ad vesperas.

¶ *The fowerth lesson.*

Quantis habuit iniquitas.

Dive sore was this bloudie beaste,
fraught with synne,
So fatte was his fleshe, scante holde
would the skinne.
Incrassatus, impiguatus, dilatatus, Symoniacus,
Grosse, fat, and puffed vp with a great patus,
Sacrificium deo nostro, cor contritum
Tu autem argenteos lebetes, was thy delitum,
Cur facia tua abscõdisti like an oule in the night
Refusing the blessed Gospel the word of light
Thy cursed actes, in parchmẽt shalbe inrolde,
Against God & thy prince, thou wert to bolde
Thy bloudie crimes shall bee in mynde, now
thou art gone and paste,
Thou shalte make a dreadfull compt to God,
for them at the laste.

Responde.

Iam fetet, quia putrifactus est,

Which made the Papistes many a feast
But in his cole house, he gaue no meate
But in Smithfield moste cruell heate,
Now death his power doe inuade,
Like rotten donge, his flesshe doe fade,
I doe not quarell,
His guttes filled a barrell.
Alas quod the Papistes and well awaie,
Ye was buried in the night, not in the daie,
Where were the Papistes that howre?
Some in the Flete, some in the Tower,
And many paste all grace,
Be in euery Popishe place,
God sende them suche honor,
As hath their dadde Boner,
Qui vomuit nigrum, post fata cruorem.

¶ *The fifte lesson.*

Homo natus.

HOmo natus,
Came to heauen gatus:
Sir you doe come to latus,
With your shorne patus.
Frequentia falsa Euangelij,
For the loue of your bealie,
Cum auro & argento,
You loued the rules of Lento,
Whiche the Pope did inuento

You are *ſpurius de muliere*,
Not legittimate nor lawful here
O quam venenoſa peſtis,
Fur, periurus, latro mechus,
Homicidus tantum decus,
De ſalute animarum,
Of Chriſtes flocke thou hadeſt ſmall *carum*.
Thou art *filius populi*,
Go, go, to *Conſtantinopoli*,
To your maiſter the Turke,
There ſhall you lurke:
Emong the Heathen ſoules,
Somtyme your ſhorne brethren of Poules,
Were as blacke as Poules,
With their cappes fower forked,
Their ſhoes warme corked,
Noſed like redde Grapes,
Conſtant as the Apes,
In nature like blacke Monkes,
And ſhote in Sparowes trunkes
And boule when thei haue dinde,
And kepe them from the winde,
And thei whiche are not able,
Doe ſitte ſtill at the table,
With colour Scarlet pale
So ſmall is their good ale,
Thus from God thei did tourne,
Lõg before their church did burne

Then when riche men wer ſicke,
Either dedde or quicke,
Valde diligenter notant,
Vbi diuites egrotant,
Ibi currunt, nec ceſſabunt,
Donec ipſos tumilabunt,
Oues alienas tondunt,
Et perochias confundunt.
Theſe felowes pilde as Ganders,
Muche like the friers of Flãders,
Whiche ſerue Sathan about the cloiſters,
Thei loue red wine and Oiſters,
Qui vult Satanæ ſeruire
Clauſtrum debet introire,
And euer haue ſuche an hedde,
As baſtarde Boner that is dedde:
He would for the Pope take pain,
Therfore help you friers of ſpain:
You enquiſiters take paine,
It is a greate maine.
Unto the Pope your hedde,
That Boner is thus dedde,
And buried in a miſers graue,
Like a common k.
Lo, lo, now is he dedde,
That was ſo well fedde,
And had a ſofte bedde.
Eſtote fortis in bella.

Good

Good Hardyng and thy fellowe:
If you be Papistes right,
Come steale hym awaie by night
And put hym in a shrine,
Ye was the Popes deuine,
Why, shall he be forgotten,
And lye still and rotten:
Come on and doe not fainte,
Translate with spede your saint.
And put hym in a tombe,
His harte is now at Rome.
Come forth you loughtes of Louē
And steale awaie this stouen,
You are so full of Ire,
And Popishe desire:
And Romishe derision,
And hellishe deuision.
Therefore I am sure,
Your kyngdome will not dure.
Crescit rancor, crescit ira,
Crescit & inuidia,
Totus Louen in errorem,
Voluiter in caligine,
Nullus curat obidire,
Verbis Iesu Christi,
Fides ī Roma nō apparet,
Totus Louen fide carit.
Thus ye must tourne to dusse,

In

In Louen there is none to truſte.
As ſlipperie as Eles,
The woꝛlde doe run on wheles,
Now helpe old frendes of Poules
And pꝛaie foꝛ our ſoules:
This is our deſire,
From theſe flames of fire.
I am in Purgatorij,
Oh. L. R. G. and F. be ſoꝛie,
Breuis eius dies ſunt,
Ye bꝛeathed ouer Poules Funte
Ridiant meinimici,
But all you that bee wille,
Beware of Papiſtrie all,
The Chequer, & weſtminſter hall
And all the Innes of Courte,
I doe not ſcoffe noꝛ ſpoꝛte.
And all this greate citie,
It is greate pitie:
That I Edmonde Boner,
Againſt Goddes greate honoꝛ,
Haue dꝛawen you from truthe,
Oh this is greate ruthe.
Comiſſa mea pauesco,
Et ante te tremesco,
Dum veneris iudicare,
Quare, quare, quare, quare.
Fremuerunt Gentes.

I beſhrowe the Popes *dentes*
In cathedra Moyſi impij ſedent,
Therefore repent, repent, repent
Tempus eſt vos reuertendi,
Tempus eſt nobis non penitendi,
Tempus eſt vos redeundi,
Ab errore falſi mundi
Falſe Papiſtes, and falſe theeues
Shall euer haue paines & greues,
Thus did Boner ſore lamente,
Mouyng Chriſtes to repente.

Reſponde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
He was full of *hata*
Regardyng *non eſtata,*
Et quaſi flos,
with his greate noſe,
Fugit velut vmbra,
Thei morne for hym in *northũbria*

¶ *The ſixte leſſon.*

Quis michi hoc tribuat.

O Me alas in dreadfull dreame,
poore Boner did beholde:
In wofull weede attired foule,
ſometyme was wont in golde.

with

With fierie stroke sore beaten was,
that sometyme had smitten other:
Ye was as sore turmented there,
as Cain that slewe his brother.
His salte teares ran doune apace,
with bloudie hande he strake his breast:
A worme about his harte bewrapte,
that reaued hym of his reste.
About this gooste flocked a rablement,
of Friers fatte and foule:
Then cried out a little spirite,
like a shrikyng Dule.
Ve, ve, and out alas,
thy vengeaunce doe now begin:
These flames and floudes, & dungeons deepe,
are wages all for synne.
Come drinke thy fill in *Lethe* flod
and then to *Styx* retourne:
Forget thy self, denaye thy God,
lo, this is a place to burne.
The wicked ones, whiche ordeined were,
as chaffe caste from the corne:
So in this bloudie *Cocytus*,
thou shalt be rent and torne.
Quis michi tribuat quod Woner tho
shall I in this place dwell:
Let me be clensed in Purgatorie,
awaie you fiendes of hell.

Syllius lib. 13. Cal this the floudes of hell, that spue for the bloud, poyſō, fire, &c

Donec

Donec, donec, my trentals are doen
in the Churche of Rome:
Tary here ſaid the Mõkes blacke
vntill the daie of do me.
With that he ſwelde with lothly loke,
criyng, now haue I nede:
Where are become my Romiſhe frendes,
where is good Henry Crede?
Miſeremini mei, miſeremini mei,
if merites maie me ſaue:
Suche meaſure as you haue meaſured other men,
ſuche meaſure ſhall you haue. *Sathan.*
Quis poteſt facere mundum,
a baſtarde wert thou borne:
De immundo conſeptum ſemine,
now art thou rente and torne.
Burnt and drownd and neuer dede
we haue none other place:
Spes impiorum peribit,
we are exclude all from grace.
Non remittitur ei in hoc ſeculo,
neque in alio.
You are condempned by the Judge,
to dwell ſtill in our gaile.
Et ſicut dies marcennarij,
thy daies are made an ende:
An enemie to the Lorde thy God,
but to the Pope a frende.

Then

Then cast thei hym in *Melas* flood
moste darcke and blacke in sight
In dreadfull slepe a man did se,
this vision in the night.

Responde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
But open heauen gata
Saint Peter with your kaies,
Shewe my lords the right waies
Ye dwelt ones at Poules,
And had cure of our soules:
I wisse he was not a baste,
But holie, meke, and chaste:
It is a greate pitie,
That he is gone from our citie:
A man of greate honor,
Oh holy saint Boner,
You blessed Friers,
That neuer wer liers:
And you holy Nunnes
That neuer had sõnes
Set this child of grace,
In some Angelles place.

Dum veneris iudicare,
Helpe, helpe S. Marie
Noli eum condemnare,

He burned many in
the daies of Quene Marie.
Sicut Leo querens pradam,
animas deuorauit.
If this was not a bleſſed deede,
Aſke L. K. S. P. and H. Crede.

¶ *The ſeuenth leſſon.*

Spiritus meus.

MY ſpirit God wotte, is feble, weake and ſore:
And ſo ſhall wee Papiſtes, daiely more and more.
Our tyme of Papiſtrie ſhalbe ſhorte, fooliſhe and vaine.
Ab aquilone penditur omne malum, the Papiſtes tooke paine.
Nowe *Mars* our bloudie Boner is laied in yearth full colde:
Whoſe life and libertie, would haue made vs bolde.
With bloudie handes, and cruell hartes was our deſire:
To haue burned the Proteſtantes, with hote flamyng fire.
Set vp ſhorne crounes (the ſtewes) and Monkes in bootes:
And deſtroied Chriſtes doctrine cleane by the roote

rootes.
Brought in Idols, Latin seruice, and ryng-
yng of belles.
Erected Chauntries, Masses, Abbaies, and
Celles.
Thus we would haue doone, in Tindall, and
Comberlande.
And brought Romishe seruice, againe into
Northumberlande.
There are a remnaunt left, I maie them call
The children of Antichrist, and of God Ball.
Rumor super rumorem, while the storme do last,
Antichrist and his, are now at the laste caste.
And Boner is rotten, and stinketh in graue:
Well rid is Christes flocke, of so Wolnishe a
B,
Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis michi?

¶ The Responde.

Dies eius breuiabuntur,
Boner was a greate hunter:
Per ignem with fire hotte,
Nunc in putredine God wotte
Vbi est ergo nunc
Either Frier, Nonne, or Monke,
That can for a little space,
Put hym a purgyng place:
Now good man sir Pope,

what

What doe your worship hope?
In inferno nulla est redemptio.

¶ *The eight lesson. Forrede it.*

Pelle mei consumptus.

MY flesche is consumed, there is but skinne and bone:
In saint Georges Churche yarde, my graue and I alone.
My tongue that vsed lewde woordes, and lippes awaie are rotten:
Take pitie vpon me. R. L. and H. let me not be forgotten.
Regester me in with a Leaden penne, emong the Romishe roules,
And make some *Obsequi* for my sake, I would it were in Poules.
Saie Dirige for me gentle T. H. W. R. L. and B.
Saie you the Masse, mourne you in blacke, W. F. and C.
Ryng you the belles, holde you the lightes A. P. S. and N.
A. B. the Crosrowe of Papistes, shewe your selues like men.
For if your merites doe not helpe, then come I verie late:
Like the foolishe virgines fiue, whiche knoc-

ked at the gate.
To whom he saied, I knowe you not, depart from my sight:
You wanted faithe, and watched not, when I came in the night.
Let liuyng wightes, watche therfore, though it be paine and griefe:
For sodainly the Lorde dooe come, vnwares like to a thefe.
O Boner, Boner, ones againe, in thy skynne thou shalt be clad:
And haue suche members in degree, as in this life thou had.
Then shalt thou see the Martyrs all, in iudgement stande vpright:
Whom in this worlde thou didest abuse with murder, and with spight.
And called them vnlearned all, and nowe in greate honor:
Suche was the blindnes of Papistes hartes, and specially of thee Boner.

¶ *The Responde.*

Vaine, vaine, vaine, vaine,
All bloudie Papistes doe liue in vaine.
There is no meane, but heauen and hell
In doyng euill, and worlyng well.
Eche soule shall go vnto his place:

The

The brande of hell, and childe of grace.
Scimus quam transit hora,
Redeamus sine mora,
Vitam nostram emendamus,
The hower of death, drawyng on a pace
Praie for mercie, ioye, and grace:
Vade & non amplius peccare.

¶ *The nineth lesson.*

Quare de vulua. Reade it.

ALas from my mothers wombe.
why hast thou brought me out?
I haue lined like a Butchers dogge
and died like a brute.
I stopped myne eares against the truthe.
Gods worde I would not heare:
And hardened my harte against the Prince,
in persone many a yere.
There leded my life in hatred delite,
my soule did feele no care:
In softe bedde, and choise of wine,
wantyng no daintie fare.
False hope I had to come forthe,
as ones I did before:
But still dispaire, said I should die
and persecute no more.
One morne betime I loked forth,

as ofte as I did before:
And did se a pulpit, in churches wise,
made by my prison doze.
A Preacher there was, that Crowly hight,
whiche preached in that place,
A meane if God had loued me,
to call me then to grace.
Hodie si vocem, was his theme,
and harden not thyne harte?
As did the fathers the rebelles old
that perished in desarte.
Thus protestantes, haue me slain
with the power of the worde:
But if the worlde had serued me,
with fire, and with swoorde.
I would haue killed and burned al
more then I did before:
But now farewel you papistes al
from henceforthe euermore.
Would no knight had me knowen
nor eyes me neuer seen:
Then should I haue been in suche sorte,
as I had neuer been.

The Respond.

In die illa tremenda,
Who shall my lorde defenda:
Neither Pe. Wes. Nor. Par.
Traitors Tempest that blowe vp warre,

Slinge. Hil. nor Swineburne,
Or any traitor, that gape for a tourne.
Thei shall haue *horror inhabitans*,
God sende them mischaunce.
O nine regnum diuisum. &c.
Against the Quene thei *risum*,
Per aliam viam reuersi sunt.
Papistes are traitours, as thei are wont.
Rumor super rumorem erit.
Betwene Doncaster and Perith,
Be many Popishe hartes,
Would their heddes wer in carts.
And their bodies in graues:
Rebelles are theues and knaues.
Ardiet pugnas vicio parentum,
The rebelles beyonde Trentham
Shall quickly repentham.
Sepulchrum patens: est venter eorum.
Thei abhorre *doctrina Apostolorum*
Sepe expugnauerũt you knowit wel
Northren stormes are sharp & fell
Snowe, Haile, Isse, and Frosse,
All their hope is but losse.
Dies magna & amara.
Thei are now in sorow and cara
Thei will neuer haue suche honor
As had this bastarde C. Boner.
Although he were a Po. k.

Yet buried he was in a graue,
Pluet ſuper proditores laquios.

¶ *The'nde of Boners Dirige.*

Per ironiam { *Erat vir ille ſimplex & rectus, ac timens deum, & recedens a malo.*

¶ Here after dode followe a liniall Pedegree of Boners kinred, by the minde and indgemente of many Doc. a man of a greate houſe, long before the captiuitie of Babilon.

¶ *Baſtarde Edmonde Sauage, beyng a greate lubberly ſcholer, was ſuppoſed to be the ſoonne of one Boner.*

Which was the ſone of a Jugler or wild roge
Whiche was the ſonne of a villaine ingroſſe.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Cutpurſe.
Whiche was the ſonne of a Tom of Bedlam
Whiche was the ſonne of a proctor of a ſpitle
Whiche was the ſonne of a theffe or a rebell
Whiche was the ſonne of a wilde Iriſhe.
whiche was the ſone of a Stoick Philoſopher
whiche was the ſonne of Agarion.
whiche was the ſonne of a Patriſide.
whiche was the ſonne of a Sectuaris.
whiche was the ſonne of Appelles.
whiche was the ſonne of Anabaptiſte.

whiche

Whiche was the sonne of Alogij.
Whiche was the sonne of *Almerichus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Aetius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Adamiani*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Alephei*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Appolinaris*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Ammonius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Aquarij*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Arrius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Barbara Sigismundi*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Angelici*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Anthropomorphius*.
Whiche was the sonne of Belzebub.
Whiche was the sonne of *Bisylides*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Berillus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Carpocratis*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Cataphrigius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Caluthus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *CaZinZarius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Catharides*.
Whiche was thesonne of *Capærnaitis*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Cherinthus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Donatus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Ebion*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Elindius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Ennopus*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Ennomius*.
Whiche was the sonne of *Enthices*.

Whiche was the sonne of *Ecrastines.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Gnotiques.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Iesebel.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Faustuti.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Helcheſate.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Hymerobastie.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Iouinianus,*
Whiche was the sonne of *Manachens.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Mahomet.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Martion.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Messalianis.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Montanus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Monothelete.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Nouatis.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Nestorius.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Nicolaus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Nectages,*
Whiche was the sonne of *Paulus Samosatenus*
Whiche was the sonne of *Praitas.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Pelagus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Petrus Lumbardus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Photius.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Pollo.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Sabinus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Rogatus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Sabellicus.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Sarabatis.*
Whiche was the sonne of *Simachus.*

Wl hiche was the ſonne of the Sodomites.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Templarij*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Theodorus Coriarus*
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Tatian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Sargius*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Benedicte* monke.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Carthuſian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Ciſtertian*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Canon *Reguler*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Barnardine*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Cluniacke*
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Dominicke*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Celeſtin*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of *Ieſuit*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of an Yeremite.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Minoret*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Charmilet*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a *Bomſon*.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of an Anker.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Buggerer.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Limiter.
Wl hiche was the ſonne of a Balamite.
whiche was the ſonne of a Coniurer.
whiche was the ſonne of a Diſpenſator.
whiche was the ſonne of a Pardoner.
whiche was the ſonne of a Romiſh comiſſary
whiche was the ſonne of a Doctor Canon.
which was the ſõne of a maſter of plukalites.

whiche

whiche was the sonne of a Suffragham.
whiche was the sonne of a Romishe bishop.
whiche was the sonne of a Courtisan.
whiche was the daughter of a Cardinall.
whiche was the mother of the Pope.
whiche also in the captiuitie of Babilon, did beare three brethren, Simon Magus, Judas Iscariot, and Mahomette, by Antichriste the sonne of the Deuil, of iniquitie, and perdicion the cause of al ignorance, infidelitie, Simonie, Treason, Idolatrie, persecution, Rebellion, Tumulte, wicked assemble, and finally euerlasting damnation.

A Commemoration.

¶ A praier to the holy Trinitie, againſt ignoraunce of Goddes worde, and Wolues.

Almightie and eternall god the father, the ſoonne, and the holie ſpirite, one God in trinitie, and the trinitie in vnitie, whiche art alwaies more readier to heare, then wee are apte to praie: and doeſt giue vnto vs, more then we can deſire, or deſerue. We moſte humbly praie thee, to haue mercie vpon vs, accordyng to thy great mercie, and perdon vs good Lorde for our ſinnes: that we haue rebelled againſt thy diuine Maieſtie, in thought, woorde, and deede, mouyng thee to caſt vpon vs ſondrie plagues for our offences: As peſtilence, dearthe, rebellion with other greuous calamities, vnto our miſerable bodies. But oh my good Lorde God, thou haſte taken greater vengeaunce vpon vs, the whiche with mortall eyen cã not well be ſeen, but felt: that is, the ignoraunce of thy bleſſed will and commaundemente. Ignoraunce oh Lorde GOD, the guide and pathe waie to all deadly ſynnes, death, and finallie dampnation, baniſhement from thy glorious Maieſtie, worlde without ende. Haue mercie

haue

haue mercie and pitie, oh Jesus Gods onely sonne vpon thy flocke, thou greate Shepherd of the Shepe. Regarde thy folde, defende thy flocke, whom thou hast redemed in thy moste precious blond. Deliuer thy Vineyard of Englande, from the Boze of Roome, and thy Lambes, from the mouthe of Wolues, as bloudie Boner was. Oh lette God a rise, and let his enemies be scattered, lette them also that hate hym flie beboze him: so that we that are the Shepe of his pasture, maie in the vnitie of his wozde, be fedde in the pleasaunt fieldes of his holy scriptures, to life euerlastyng: Thzough Jesus Thzist our lozde.

Amen.